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Senior Recital: Benjamin Bartell, tenor

Benjamin Bartell

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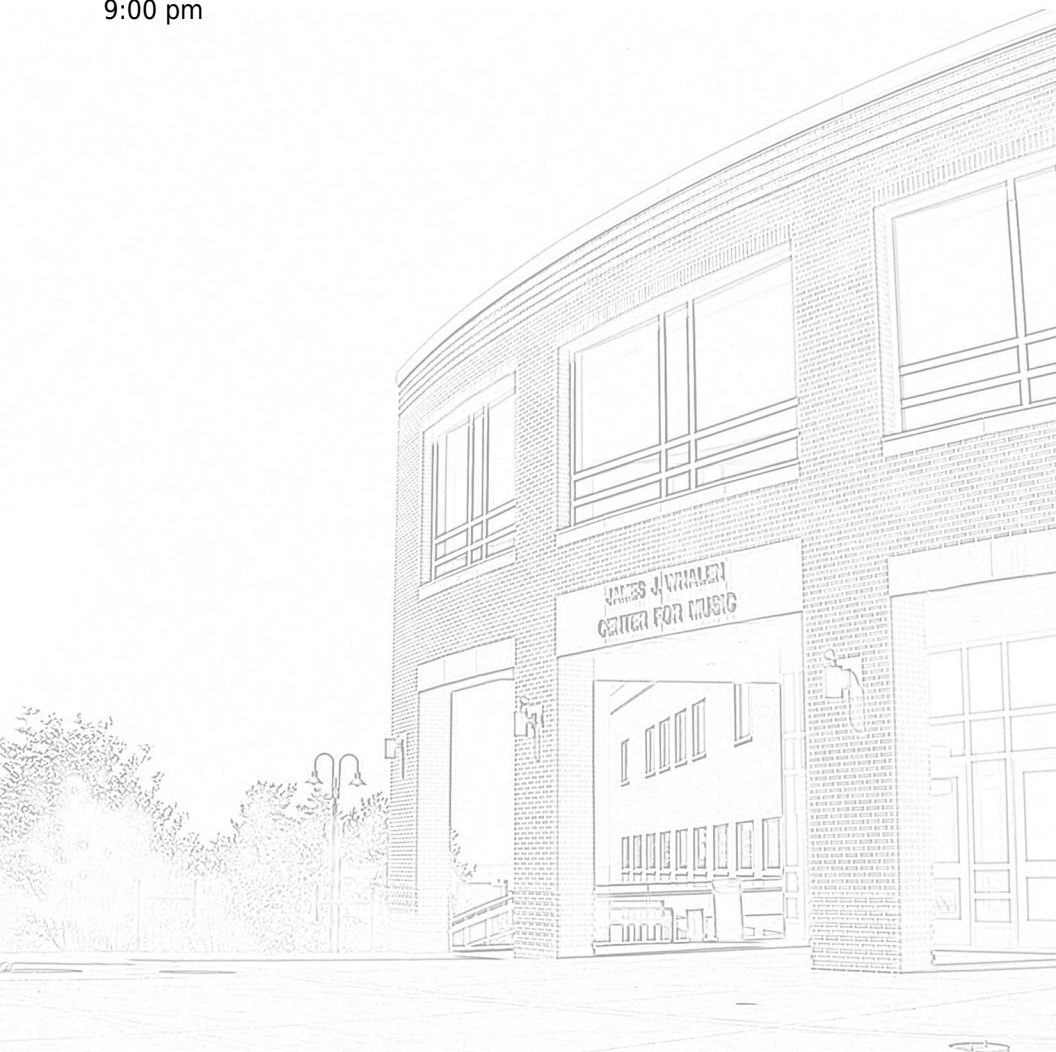
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Senior Recital:
Benjamin Bartell, Tenor

Katie Ahrens, Accompanist

Ford Hall
Monday, March 16th, 2015
9:00 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

Blow, Blow Thou Winter Wind	Thomas Arne 1710-1778
Preach Not Me Your Dusty Rule	Thomas Arne 1710-1778
3 Gesänge, Op. 83 Wonne der Wehmut Sehnsucht Mit Einem Gemalten Band	Ludwig van Beethoven 1770-1827
Auf Flügeln des Gesanges	Felix Mendellsohn 1809-1847
Pagenlied	Felix Mendellsohn 1809-1847
Extase	Henri Duparc 1848-1933
Soupir	Henri Duparc 1848-1933
Le Manoir de Rosamonde	Henri Duparc 1848-1933

Intermission

Beppe's Aria "O, Columbina" from <i>Pagliacci</i>	Ruggiero Leoncavallo 1857-1919
Selections from <i>Between the Earth and Sky</i> The Fledgeling's Lullaby Watch Them Fall The Day I Saw the Angel	Benjamin Viagas Jake Minter b.1991
Close Every Door from <i>Joseph and the Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat</i>	Andrew Lloyd Webber b. 1948
The Disney Finale Out There from <i>The Hunchback of Notre Dame</i> Go the Distance from <i>Hercules</i>	Alan Menken b. 1949

This recital is in fulfillment of the degree Vocal Performance. Benjamin Bartell is from the studio of David Parks.

Translations

3 Gesänge

Wonne der Wehmut

Do not run dry, do not run
dry,
Tears of eternal love!
Even to the half-dry eye
How desolate and dead the
world appears!
Do not run dry, do not run
dry,
Tears of unhappy love!

Sehnsucht

What pulls at my heart so?
What pulls me outside?
and twists me and yanks me
from this room and the
house?
How the clouds there
disperse around the cliffs!
I'd like to go there,
I'd very much like to go.

Now ravens pass by
in friendly flight;
I mix with them
and follow their course.
And mountain and ruin
we circle in flight;
She lingers below,
and I peer after her.

Then she comes wandering;
I hurry immediately,
a singing bird,
to the bushy wood.
She lingers and listens
and smiles to herself:
"He sings so nicely,
and he's singing for me!"

The departing sun
gilds the heights
the pensive, fair lady,
she lets it happen.
She wanders by the brook
along the meadows
and darker and darker
twists the path.

At once I appear,
a glittering star.
"What gleams up there,
so near and so far?"
And when, with astonishment
you gaze upon my light,
I will lay at your feet
and be happy there.

Mit Einem Gemalten Band

Small flowers, small leaves
are strewn for me with a light
hand
by good, young gods of Spring
toying with an airy ribbon.

Zephyr, put it on your wing,
loop it around my
sweetheart's dress;
and so she'll step in front of
the mirror
in all her merriment.

She will see herself
surrounded by roses,
herself like a young rose;
one glance, beloved life!
and I will have reward
enough.

Feel what this heart feels!
freely reach me your hand,
and let this ribbon that binds
us
be no weak ribbon of roses.

Auf Flügeln des Gesanges

On wings of song,
my love, I'll carry you away
to the fields of the Ganges
where I know the most
beautiful place.

There lies a red-flowering
garden,
in the serene moonlight,
the lotus-flowers await
their beloved sister.

The violets giggle and cherish,
and look up at the stars,
the roses tell each other
secretly
their fragrant fairy-tales.

The gentle, bright gazelles,
pass and listen;
and in the distance murmurs
the waves of the holy stream.

There we will lay down,
under the palm-tree,
and drink of love and
peacefulness
and dream our blessed
dream.

Pagenlied

When the sun shone
amicably,
As in the midday, lukewarm
and blue,
I would take my mandolin,
**And would cross the glorious
meadow.**

At night, my beloved slowly
awakened,
and listened at the window,
she clandestinely wished to
me, to her,
and to us, a good night.

Extase

On a pale lily my heart is
sleeping
A sleep as sweet as death
Exquisite death, death
perfumed
By the breath of the beloved
On your pale breast my heart
is sleeping
A sleep as sweet as death

Soupir

Never to see or hear her,
never to name her aloud,
but faithfully always to wait
for her
and love her.
To open my arms and, tired of
waiting,
to close them on nothing,
but still always to stretch
them out to her
and to love her.
To only be able to stretch
them out to her,
and then to be consumed in
tears,
but always to shed these
tears,
always to love her.
Never to see or hear her,
never to name her aloud,
but with a love that grows
ever more tender,
always to love her. Always!

Le Manoir de Rosamonde

Love, like a dog, has bitten
me
with its sudden, voracious
teeth...
Come, the trail of spilt blood
will enable you to follow my
tracks.

Take a horse of good pedigree
and set off on the arduous route I took,
through swamps and overgrown paths,
if that's not too exhausting a ride for you!

As you pass where I passed,
you will see that I travelled alone
and wounded through this sad world,

and thus went off to my death
far, far away, without ever finding
Rosemonde's blue manor-house.

O, Columbina!

O Colombina, your faithful,
loving Arlecchino is close at hand,
Calling you and sighing for you,
o wait for your poor swain!
Show me your sweet face,
for I long to kiss your little mouth
without delay.

Love plagues me and torments me! Ah!
O Colombina, open your window to me,
for close at hand, calling you
and sighing for you
is your poor Arlecchino!